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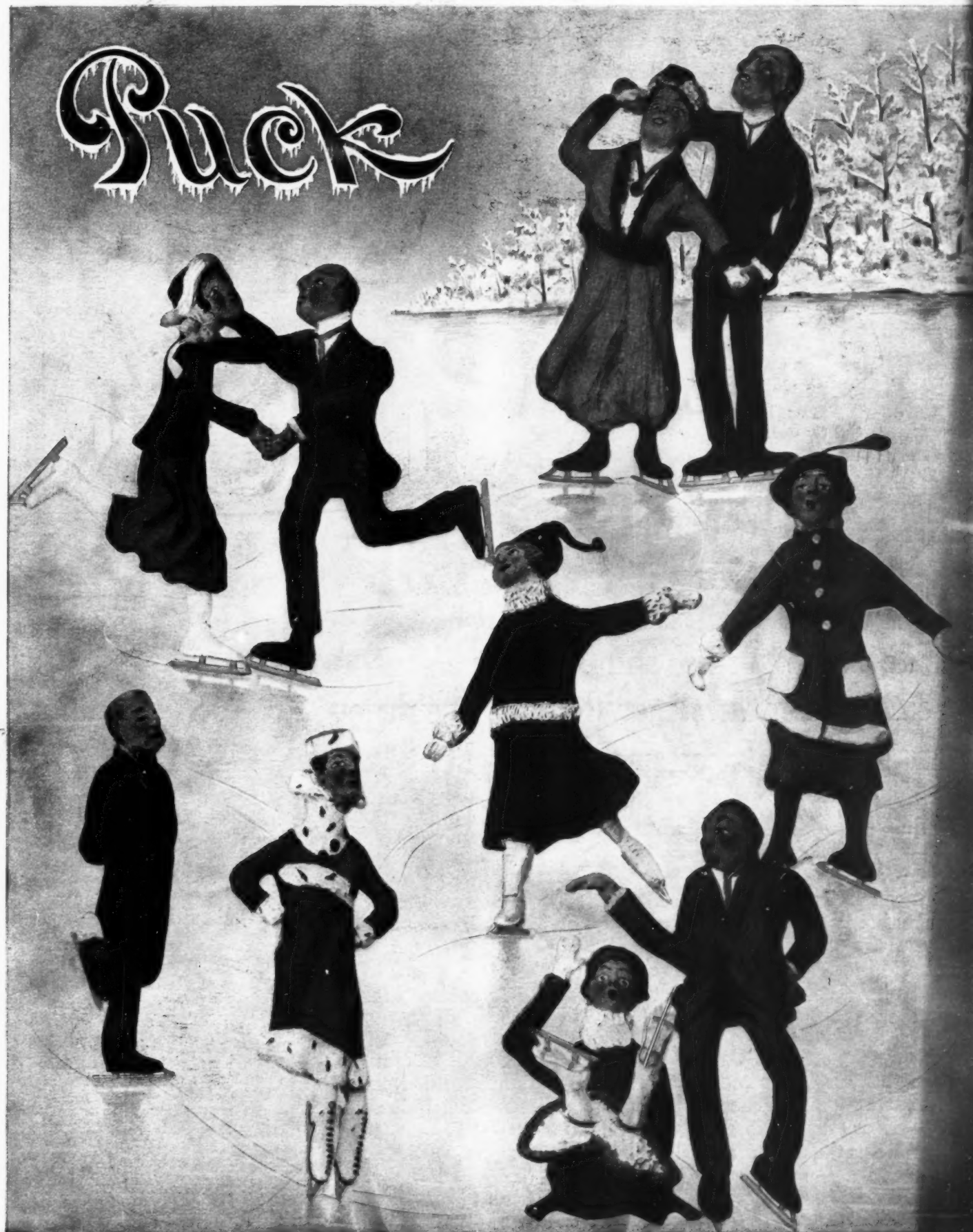
V79

Jan 29 1916

SKATING NUMBER

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 22, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS



THE ICE-AGE

Modeled in clay by Helena Smith Clayton

Puck

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages, 20 for 10c; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper covered carton for \$1.00. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.



The choice Turkish and Domestic *blend* creates a new flavor you'll prefer to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels are *cigarettes* that meet universal favor! That *new taste* is distinctive. Camels are free from bite, parch *and any unpleasant cigaretty after-taste!*

Your quick-line on Camel quality, flavor, mildness—and the unusual satisfaction they afford—is to compare Camels with *any cigarette at any price!* Camels will stand the severest test and prove their superiority point by point! The *blend* makes this possible. They are *so good* you do not look for or expect coupons or premiums!

Your appreciation of Camel *blended* Cigarettes will increase when you *personally* know that they may be smoked liberally without a regret! The enticing mellowness of Camels is so backed with desirable body, and the flavor is so different, so refreshing, that no matter how many you smoke, *Camels will not tire your taste!* Camels 20 for 10c.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck

The stamp placed over end seals the package which keeps out air, thereby preserving the quality of the blended tobaccos. By inserting the fingers as illustrated, the stamp easily breaks without tearing the tin foil, which folds back into its place.



Exhibition of Paintings by Raphael Kirchner



The public is invited to view a collection of paintings now on exhibition by Raphael Kirchner, the celebrated French colorist now in this country.

Many of these notable subjects are to be subsequently reproduced in PUCK and the opportunity is now offered to inspect the originals before their publication for the general public.

Rose Galleries

246 Fifth Avenue, New York

Puck



Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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Editor,
A. H. FOLWELL.

Contributing Editor,
HY MATHE.

FOSTER GILROY, General Manager.

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A New Year's Brew of PUCK'S Teapot

Sufficient of the spirit of Yuletide has overflowed into 1916 to make the arrival of Puck's mail bag a daily lightener of the cares of the sanctum.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR SIRS:

I appreciate the weekly arrival of Puck as much as the average man does the approach of Sunday—it is a recreation.

CHAS. H. BERGHMAN.

CINCINNATI, O.

DEAR PUCK:

Your Christmas Number was the best ever. Nothing touched you this year. Tell Dana to cut out T. R. for a while and let your cartoonist let up a while on Germany and hit those English once in a while.

F. C. LAWSON.

ST. LOUIS-COLORADO LIMITED

GENTLEMEN:

In your edition of Dec. 18 you have more than vindicated your reputation as the joke magazine.

Your editorial lambasts the Ford car, speaks of accidents caused by the use of so many, many Fords, and genuinely pities the sixty horsepower car owner, who, on account of the congestion caused along the main thoroughfares by the innumerable Fords, is forced to "sneak along the unfrequented byways"—and then, to illustrate your point so conclusively proven, on the opposite page, your artist has drawn a downtown street scene, showing a street crowded to the limit, not with Fords—oh, no—but with sixty horsepower cars, and a frantic pedestrian about to be overrun by one of them. There isn't a Ford in sight.

The picture so beautifully illustrates the editorial that it is to laugh.

The question arises, "How much revenue is Puck deriving from the sixty horsepower owners for writing the editorial—and how much from the Ford

Motor Company for printing the picture?"

Very truly yours,
ELMER D. RIEBEL.

To which we would respectfully call Mr. Riebel's attention to the advertising section of Puck, where he will doubtless be able at a glance to put his finger on the Senegambian in the woodpile. The Amalgamated Association of Sixty Horsepower Owners is a steady and consistent supporter of America's Cleverest Weekly, and the enormous advertising revenues received from Peaceful Henry prompted us to warn our cartoonist to permit nary a Ford car's distinctive radiator to peek from the picture.

To Our Friends in the Parched Northwest

You will doubtless be shocked, those of you who buy Puck at the newsstands, upon being handed a copy with certain advertisements cut out or obliterated with lampblack.

Don't blame the newsdealer for these gratuitous decorations. It isn't his fault. In those northwestern states that have recently gone through the throes of Hobsonitis, the dear white ribbon souls object to the distribution of periodicals that carry wine, beer or liquor advertisements. It makes no difference to them that the highest class of magazines fall into this category.

If you prefer your copy of Puck without the prohibition adornments, give your newsdealer a dollar bill for a three months' trial subscription. Tell him to send your name in through his news company, and you will then receive Puck each week direct from the publishers.



Drawn by M. Held

PREPAREDNESS

"James, have the cushions arranged; I'll be home from the skating-rink at four"

THE FROZEN FAD

WHAT THE SMALL-TOWN BELLE THINKS OF IT

Hello, Jane! Yes, it's ME. I got home last night and thought I'd call you up while you were fresh with me. O, New York is grand! No, I didn't dance once at all. It's all skating now. You wouldn't believe it even if you knew it wasn't so, but they sold 150,000 pairs of skates there this winter. Think of that! Seventy-five thousand skates for each foot. And there are even special costumes for it. In fact, they tell you that if you haven't the clothes you can't have much fun; but I didn't have any clothes and I had a lovely time; the feeling was delightful, except when you take off your skates you feel as if you had put on somebody else's feet. Skating is so invigorating. It doubles the circulation of your blood, it calls into play every muscle, even the ones you can't use.

It's funny how the craze began. A musical comedy manager who is always aiming at the impossible wanted his girls to do something really clever, so he had them skate over the heads of the bald-headed men. It made some sensation and before sunrise every man was on a skate. One day we skated in Central Park lake. It is a municipal-rink, where people who can't afford skates can go and watch the others. Isn't it nice in the city to let everybody skate there, even people they don't know! Still, I suppose the lake would freeze anyway and they say the skating doesn't hurt the water a bit. They have attendants who stand and watch you fall in. One of them said that if you will remember to always stand

erect with your head above the water and your feet on the bottom, you can't drown, no matter how deep it is. To show how quick the craze has grown he said that six months ago there wasn't a skater on the whole lake.

Cousin Sam had an accident while we were there. My, but he was mad! He was skating with a girl who had already fallen three times on the same place. They came to a spot where the ice was slippery and down she went and her skirts flew up, and the wind blew the snow in his eyes so that he couldn't see a thing.

One night we went to a hotel-rink. The ice there is made with a secret process so that you can't see it. Of course it is real ice, only it isn't the genuine article. It is manufactured by heating the water as cold as possible and then freezing it with artificial thermometers. It contains ammonia, but that is all taken out before it is made. I was with a Princeton man, who has a position on the hockey team, the big winter game of the colleges when there is nothing to do during study-hours. It is composed of seven men, half on each side. They fairly whizzed. All you could see was the clickety-clang—just like a purr—of their skates and their pants coming out of their mouths.

There was an exhibition of a woman and a man set to music. They knew so much about it that they didn't show any skill. She looks like a regular dicky-bird, with fur all over her arms and legs. He held her blouse and skirts while she sat on him and they skated with some of their feet in air. Then he reversed, skating from the outside in, and turning her inside out.

Good bye, dear. Be sure to come over. I've got SO much to do now, and I do hope nobody bothers me.

When writing to advertisers, please mention Ruck

FOWNES GLOVES

"It's a ***** that's all you need to know about a Glove."

"Highty-tighty!—One of those sweeping, egotistical, advertising slogans," you say.

But isn't it something more?

How many things that are bought and sold have given satisfaction for over one and a third centuries?

Fownes Gloves have.

*** * Fownes



LINCOLN TRUST Company

WE have prepared a form of convenient size for keeping a record of investments, which presents at a glance all the information you would require regarding your securities.

We will be glad to send you one of these without charge or obligation on request.

204 Fifth Avenue

(Opposite Madison Square)
BROADWAY AT LEONARD STREET
BROADWAY AT 72ND STREET

"Bath House 23" "KEEP OUT!"

OUR LATEST NOVELTY. Bath house in wood veneer with swinging door and brass fastener; size, 5x8 inches; with the door open you see a beautiful hand-colored picture of an Ostend bathing girl. Comes boxed, prepaid for 25c. to introduce our new catalog of Pictures for The Den, 32 pages of art studies, "all winners!" Catalog alone, 10c. Stamps accepted.

CELEBRITY ART CO.,
31 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.



Do Business by Mail

Start with accurate lists of names we furnish—build solidly. Choose from the following or any others desired.

Apron Mfrs.	Wealthy Men
Cheese Box Mfrs.	Ice Mfrs.
Shoe Retailers	Doctors
Tin Can Mfrs.	Axle Grease Mfrs.
Druggists	Railroad Employees
Auto Owners	Contractors

Our complete book of mailing statistics on 7000 classes of prospective customers for the asking.

Ross-Gould, 806-E Olive St., St. Louis

Ross-Gould
Mailing
Lists St. Louis



Drawn by W. E. Hill

TERPSICHORE ON ICE

HER PARTNER: I say, suppose we sit out the rest of this dance!

Wise Little Trenton!

We own to an enormous increase in our respect for Trenton. Where once we were moved to commiserate with the citizens of this little Jersey town in that it even fell some miles short of being a half-way stop between New York and Philadelphia, we now feel in duty bound to register this paragraph in its praise.

Trenton has a keen sense of values. It is the first among our municipalities to inventory cheap balderdash at its intrinsic worth. Hear what the "Reverend" Billy Sunday says about Trenton:

The morning collection was punk. We usually get \$2,000 or \$3,000 the first day. Philadelphia gave us \$8,000 the first day. For its size, Paterson, N. J., was the most generous city we ever visited. At Syracuse we got \$800 in the collection at the first service, and a to-

tal for the first day of almost \$2,300. I told you people I didn't think you were pikers.

Come on, now, you miserable mutts; dig down in your iron-clamped jeans for more kale. I'm saving souls at so much per, and I don't intend to chew the rag here all night to a houseful of flatheads unless they pay me my price.



FIRST LESSONS

SKATING INSTRUCTOR: In learning, Miss Pigeon, remember to watch your feet.

Acoustics of the War

Berlin, bless it, has "heard a rumor" that the King of Italy has been wounded. One of the most remarkable things about this war has been its acoustic properties. Berlin has no trouble at all in hearing what it wants to hear from Rome; London can cock one ear (however an ear is cocked) and hear the surging of the rioting Berliners; Vienna finds it a simple matter to hear King George being assassinated in London. But can Berlin hear what is happening in Berlin? And can London catch the goings-on in London? Cease thy spoofing.

My lady of the future, says a writer on culinary matters, will look upon her kitchen as a laboratory. My lady of the present already does that, it seems to us, judging by some of the "experiments" she makes there.

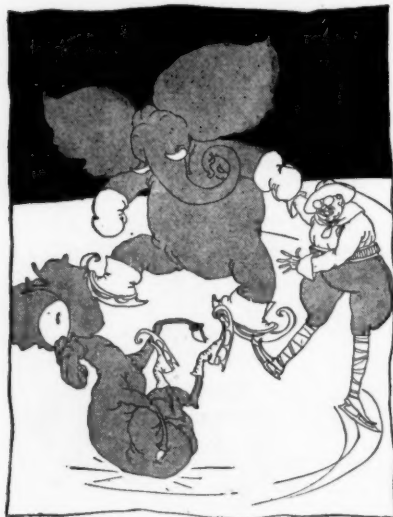


On the Presidential Ice

OYSTER BAY.—There is a fine sheet of tempting ice on Presidential Pond here and Colonel Roosevelt, with his new pair of "Anything-to-Beat-Wilson" skates, may frequently be seen, testing the surface. He swore off skating in 1912, the Colonel did, but he says his feet just itch to be on the ice again. "I wonder if it will bear me," is the Colonel's favorite expression these days.

CHICAGO.—The number of skaters who are using the new Republican Rink here is increasing daily. Signs are hung prominently which inform patrons that only "safe and sane" skating will be permitted. Instruction for those who need it is provided by Uncle Joe Cannon's able corps of experts. In striking contrast to the growing popularity of the new Republican Rink is the deserted state of Armageddon Pond. Skaters say that it is too cold there; also that the ice is thin and in spots very treacherous.

INDIANAPOLIS.—The skating fad has been taken up by the Hon. Charles Warren Fairbanks of this place. He does all his exercising on Lake Conservative, a circular expanse of ice, on which he goes round and round, but which never gets him anywhere. There are several danger signs about the Lake, but the Hon. Charles fears them not, as the thinnest ice has a way of freezing solid at his approach.



SNAPPING THE WHIP
A mean trick to play on a trusting Bull Moose



Drawn by Hy Mayer

THE LID'S OFF AGAIN!

ALBANY.—Governor Whitman is not indifferent to the popular political sport of skating, but he is waiting for Lake Favorite Son to freeze over and as yet it has not obliged him. Just as sure as he straps on his skates, there is a thaw. An anonymous correspondent has advised him that the skating is fine on Salt Creek.

NEW HAVEN.—Thus far Professor William H. Taft has resisted the call of the ice. He says he knows to a nicety when he has had enough. "The trouble with me," declares Professor Bill, "is that I never can get my feet to work together. One of them, you see, is a radical; the other is a conservative; one drives me ahead, the other pulls me back, and between them I always manage to fall and to fall hard. No, boys, I think you may count me out."

MIAMI, FLA.—When told that Nomination Pond was like a sheet of glass, William Jennings Bryan smiled a smile of the enigmatic variety. "Lake Chautauqua is plenty good enough for me," he said.

The manager of Henry Ford's peace party has declined to provide new gowns for the women delegates. Henry should overrule his manager by cable. Any married man will testify from experience that if a woman wants a new gown there can be no permanent peace until she gets it.

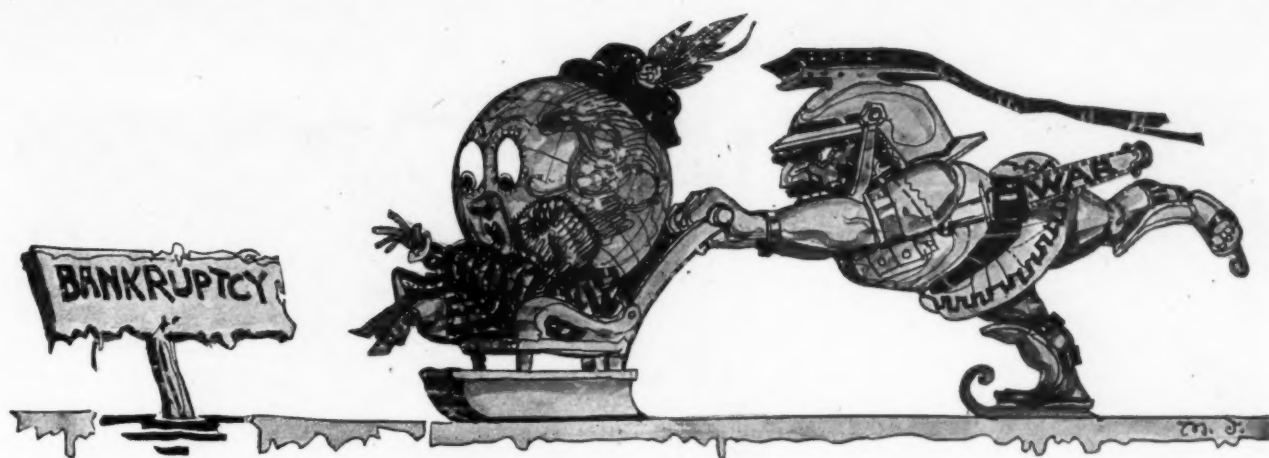
It is a fallacy to depend on volunteers in time of war.—*The Colonel.*

Best regards to the Rough Riders.

A two-million-year-old mesohippus, or three-toed horse, has been unearthed in the Bad Lands of Dakota. He has arrived just in time to be useful in the world, the New York Board of Health having sanctioned the serving of horse flesh.

I have often feared that the British people think of this war as only a passing shower.—*Lloyd George.*

A passing shower? Many of them appear to think that it is "fair and warmer, southerly winds."



THE NEWS IN RIME

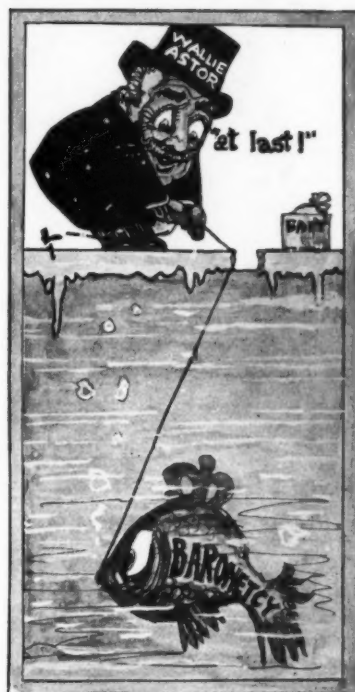
Verses by **GEORGE S. KAUFMAN**

The winter styles, when blows a breeze,
Grow more and more bewitching;
The Germans and the Viennese
Will stand without unhitching.*
To those who say that cat-meat's fine,
We answer: Quit your kitten;
The Kaiserbill
Continues ill,
Despite the tears of Britain.

Though London quits its Dubonnet,
Though London clubs are whistless,
The apathetic British stay
Decidedly enlistless.
The Forders have embarked for home
As did their lord and master;
The Ship of State
Runs well of late; *
Shake hands with Baron Astor.

We'll soon have lots of ships (per-
haps);
Young China is rebelling;
New York will presently collapse —
Does that include *our* dwelling?
The G. O. P. takes all results
(November next) for granted;
'Tis said, to boot,
They may take Root —
And be forever planted.

*Subject to change without notice



Despite the fact that coal is dear,
The winter's, not a cold one;
In this respect the current year
Has got it on the old one.
New York is now the biggest town
And keeps right on expanding;
It's up to date
For folks to skate
(They keep their *social* standing).

Illustrations by **MERLE JOHNSON**

The Pullmans forced more money on
The tribe by whom we're portered
(Although they should be hanged
and drawn,
Instead they're merely quartered).
The chances for an early peace
Are slim, and growing slimmer;
Bold Gotham's lid
Is like to skid,
And say! where's Madame Schwim-
mer?

Guard carefully the nose and throat
In these germ-laden weathers;
The Colonel gave his foes a coat
Of plain T. R. and feathers.
The dear old cost of gasoline
Went up a little higher;
You with a car
May feel the jar —
But not this versifier.

In nineteen states one may not drink,
However much one wants ter
(Unless the liquor men hoodwink
The hydrant-headed monster);
New Haven ex-directors still
Are expert at forgetting;
Denmark and Greece
Remain at peace —
But don't do any betting.

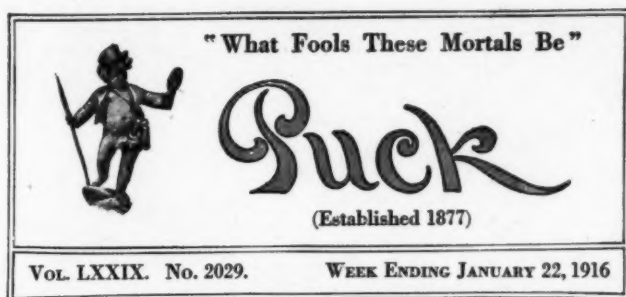




Drawn by Nelson Greene

CHORUS OF KINGS

"We must keep it up a while longer, boys; not all the Socialists are killed yet."



Pan-Americanism and World Peace

Members of the Congress informally talked of the crystallization of the Pan-American idea into a concrete form that might become known as the Pan-American Alliance. —*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A MORE hopeful sign than material prosperity based on war profits, is the spirit of the Pan-American Congress just closed. In union with our Central and South American neighbors there lies strength—strength to resist aggression from without and strength for development of spiritual and material resources within.

Peace is based on mutual understanding. This is trite. Mutual understanding is best attained by mutually beneficial relations. If on the commercial side, our products are of use to the other Americas while their markets are of use to us—if on the intellectual and artistic side, our culture is of aid to their growing wealth and appreciation for the beautiful—if our solution of national political and social problems is of help to them in their attempts to solve these same problems common to all Republics—then we can hope for a "common basis of mutual respect and understanding."

And we can go farther. The greatness of the United States of America is due in part to great economic freedom combined with centralized authority. Free trade between the various states over an area and to an extent unknown elsewhere is combined with a central police authority to maintain order and justice in all. This unique plan has worked well with the United States of America. The next step is to extend it to the United States of Pan-America. Pan-American Congresses will soon arrange for a commercial reciprocity that will be as valuable as their intellectual reciprocity. They will find the free exchange of goods almost as valuable as the free exchange of ideas. With this must go a Pan-American police force—an army of peace to maintain order in all the states of this new commercial union and repel invasion and aggression. And so we will have the basis of a new United States of Pan-America.

May it come soon! And as the principles and ideals upon which it is based will be those which have proven successful in the United States of America, so may these principles of open markets and a central police force again triumphant eventually serve as a model for a United States of the world built on the same sound principles. May

the United States of Pan-America be a half-way house in the extension of the idea of "Liberty and Union" exemplified in the United States of America to a United States of the world.

A Contractor's Cabal

IT seems, after all, that Puck was correct in its belief that there was something more sinister than the politics of "Westchester Bill" Ward back of the persecution of Thomas Mott Osborne.

It is one of Osborne's theories that no convict should be put at a bench and forced to produce a commodity which is afterwards jobbed out by the state to prison labor contractors at a pittance. A contractors' ring, with ramifications in every great prison in the country, profits enormously through this exploitation of convict labor.

So powerful is this contractor influence in Maryland, that it is notorious that when the supply of prison labor runs low, the word is passed to the judiciary of the state to "send more men up." At such times, culprits charged with trivial offenses, and first offenders entitled to suspended sentences find themselves sentenced to the full limit of the law.

The spread of the Osborne idea spelled the end of this system. All over the country, the eyes of prison officials were focused on Sing Sing and the Osborne theories. Small wonder that the dealers in prison labor viewed with panic the splendid success that attended the administration of "Tom Browne."

Nor were they wanting in assistance from another source.

It is one of the Osborne ideas that a prison should be a great farm; that it should have no high stone wall around it. An Osborne prison—if such we may call it—would be a comparatively simple plant, self-supporting and perhaps even profit-producing to the state.

The contractors who furnish stone in great quantity and furnish the labor for the millions of yards of masonry in a prison wall want none of the farm idea. There are no rich pickings around a "farm." They want prisoners to be shut up in costly stone barracks for which the state pays.

Mr. Osborne is to be congratulated on being the victim of nothing more serious than a contractors' conspiracy. His successful efforts toward making Sing Sing a true "reformatory," and to accomplish this change at a saving to the state, has earned for him a high and sincere regard in the hearts of every honest New Yorker.

The Hypnotic Power of Whiskers

VILLA snappily suggests that President Wilson was hypnotized by Carranza's eminent—ly respectable whiskers. It is an interesting thought. Folks with memories will recall how the Hon. James Hazen Hyde's whiskers once hypnotized a large insurance company in this town.

Also Dancing and Tea

BY LEE PAPE

A New York ice skating rink. A handsome young skating instructor, an awkward girl pupil who is good-hearted but homely, and an awkward girl pupil who is thrillingly easy to look at.



The instructor is giving the unendowed one a half-hour lesson while the dream waits her turn.

THE HOMELY GIRL: I know I'm frightfully awkward!

THE INSTRUCTOR (without enthusiasm): Humph!

SHE: There's a knack to it—I can see that.

HE: Yeah.

SHE: This is only my second lesson and—up! . . . I thought I was down that time. Was that your ankle I kicked? So sorry!

HE: M'n.

SHE: Only my second lesson. Tell me, do you think I'm coming along at all?

HE: You'd do better if you got off a bit more. Try not to stand so close.

SHE: I'm just crazy about—eeeh! . . . My, but you're strong!

HE: Um.

SHE: I'm simply wild about skating.

HE: That so?

SHE: Teaching people how must be a dreadful bore.

HE: 'S what we're paid for. Time's up.

(He cuts her adrift and leaves her clinging to a post while he tacks over to where the vision sits waiting. He helps her to rise, and the lesson begins.)

THE FAIR ONE: Ip! I don't want to go down right away. Did you ever see anyone as awkward as I am?



HE: G'on. You ain't bad at all. You're getting the knack of it swell. That's all there is

to it—the knack.

SHE: Yes, but I haven't—uh! . . . Gracious, what a narrow one! And I'm sure I kicked you. Your ankle, wasn't it?

HE: Wasn't nothing. Pleasure. Haw.

SHE: I haven't been on ice skates since I was a little girl.

HE: Then never tell nobody and nobody'll never know it. Try not to stand so far off. I think you'd get on a little better if we skate closer-like.



Drawn by W. E. Hill

THE FALL GUY

THE EXPERT: How's she coming?

THE SKATING GOLF FIEND: Great. Got around in 3 that time. Brush me off, will you, old man?

SHE: I simply adore it! But instructing people must be an awful bore.

HE (meaningly): Instructing some people, maybe. (He lowers his voice.) I'll see if I can sneak in an extra five minutes or so after your time's up. You watch me!

Russian Culture

The civilization of the great Russian Empire, that mighty stronghold of true culture which is to crush out the barbarian German, is indicated by the following:

"BERLIN, December 30, by wireless telegraphy to Sayville, N. Y.

"Great numbers of prisoners in Siberia have died in epidemics due to lack of proper sanitation. * * * In Novo-Nikolaiev 7,000 prisoners died of typhus."

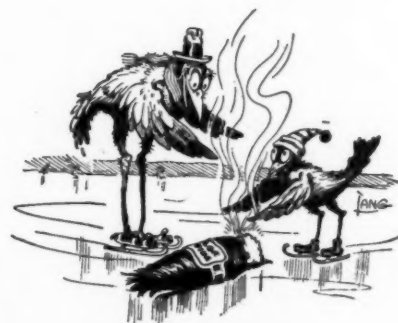
Thus, we see, are the causes of true civilization aided—at least according to most of our daily papers—by the triumph of the great Russian bear dis-

tinguished for its cruelty, mediaeval barbarity and dishonesty.

The Slow Metropolis

UNCLE EZRA: The papers say that skating has become popular in New York this winter.

UNCLE EBEN: Ha-ha! Them city people are fifty years behind the times. Land sakes, it was popular over on Nelsons' pond way back in '59.



SMALL FAVORS

"Whoever built this bonfire for us certainly had a kind heart"

Ruck



Painted by Ralph Barton

IN FOLLOW-THE-FAD NEW YORK

"We should be the happiest couple in New York — we are imitating more people at once than anybody else. We're dancing like the Castles, Ballet-Russeing like Pavlowa and Nijinski, skating like Charlotte and —"

"Yes, and if we don't make a success of it, we'll do a fall *a la* Charlie Chaplin."*

* Name of a movie-actor, once famous in New York, who will be remembered by the old-timers.

Ruck

THE SEVEN ARTS

By James Huneker

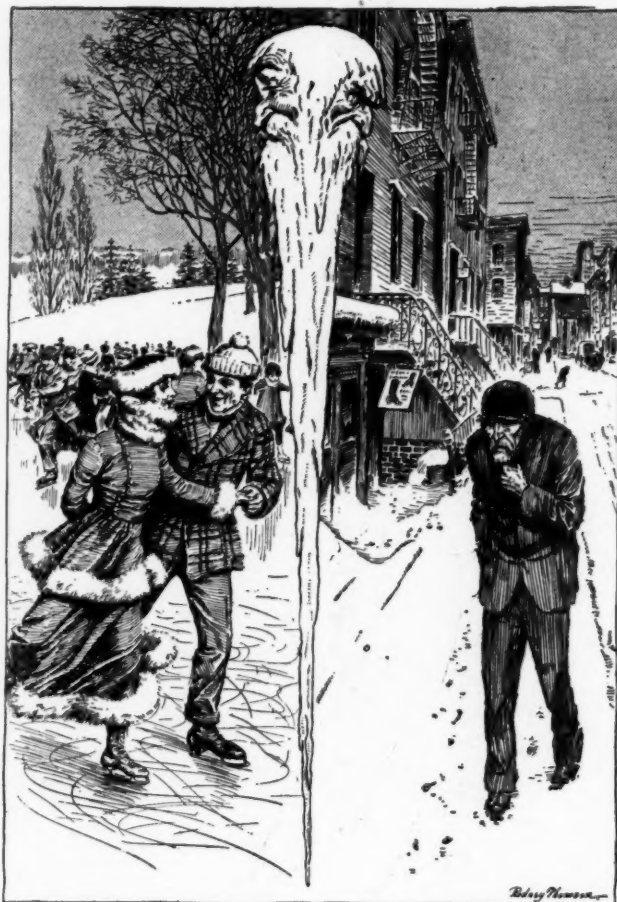
Snobs on Skates I suppose Charlie Dillingham is to blame for the new skating craze

— but there, it's not right to blame this amiable manager, who has already half a dozen successes on his hands. It is simply the revolving of that huge wheel we call Change of Fashion. Cycling had its day, also the autocar, then dancing, now skating. Way back in the middle seventies it was roller skating. Rinks dotted cities. And the dull drone of wheels was heard throughout the land. What next? Swimming? Last summer the sport barometer indicated the coming weather; next summer may see the craze fairly afloat. Nor need we expect any abatement during the succeeding Winter. Where now are frozen floors there will be tanks. (The tank, like the poor, we shall always have with us.) You see, swimming gives the unfair sex such a chance for display. I expect that both the Metropolitan Opera House and Madison Square Garden will be transformed into vast swimming pools. This will not be difficult and a glimpse of the grand tier at the opera on a gala night reveals the naked fact that the occupants of the boxes are nearly ready to dive into the water. But at present the skate is monarch. Everyone is on runners. We are become a nation of snobs on steel. Who began it? Why, Manager Dillingham, of course. If he hadn't brought over that skating ballet headed by Charlotte and Alfred Naess — the most graceful skaters in the world — for his "Flirting at St. Moritz" at the Hippodrome, I doubt if the fashionable world would have taken the initiative and skated on its own hook. The impetus came from "Hip, Hip, Hooray" and its ice-ballet. After witnessing the extraordinary combination of skating and dancing, people left the Hippodrome fully convinced that they could do as well. Winter was anticipated. Hotels covered their ball rooms. The skate industry rejoiced. Munition men are envious. "Independent as a hog on ice," is no longer an idle proverb. We are all independent. And exclusive. Do we not skate in large, lovely curves at the Biltmore (open air!)? And pay high for the privilege in the afternoon and evening! Why not? Mrs. Astor-bilt, Miss De Generato, Mrs. Van der Mutt, Mrs. Shoulder-blades, Jack Rockabye, and the rest of the ultra-fashionable "push" have taken skates under their wing, and behold! dear little old New York has meekly followed in their icy wake. Hip, hip, hooray, Charlie Dillingham!

Personal Experiences

A critical Nemesis has appeared in the person of Charlotte, the incomparable skater, at the Hippodrome. She has saucily remarked in print that fifty per cent of our amateur skating

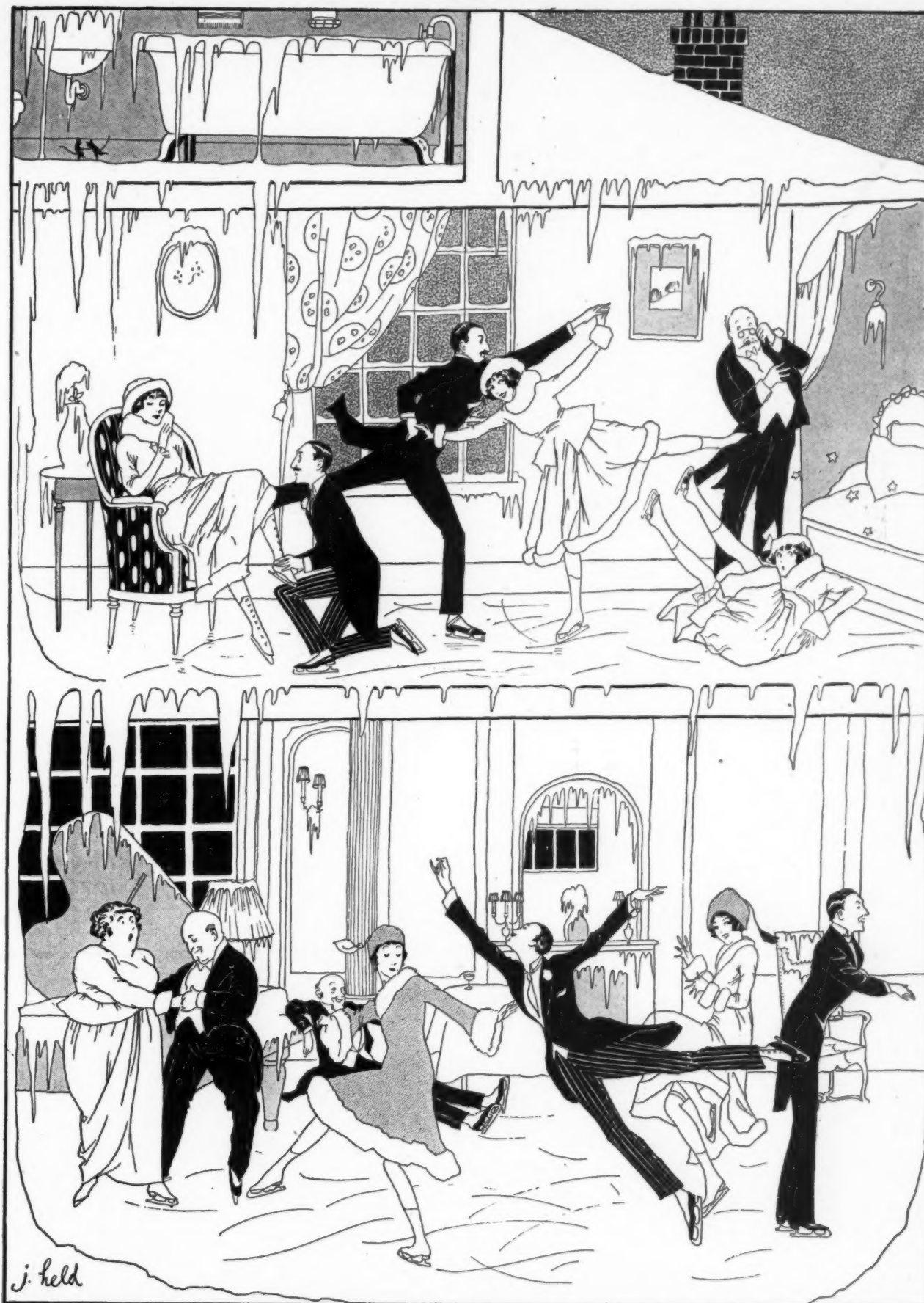
is vitiated, because we don't know how to equip ourselves with the proper skates or shoes; that we skate wildly, not well; in a word, we are hopeless amateurs, and do not take the science of skating seriously. Then to mitigate this harsh criticism, Charlotte, who witches the world with her glorified ice geometry, adds that we learn quickly, and that we always "get there." For which many thanks! I made a brief, breathless visit to several of the leading skating resorts. Not to Van Cortlandt Park, where the air is nipping and eager, but to the Biltmore — you can't get in three or four days of the week. Sacred assemblies! — to St. Nicholas Rink; also not for the profane public daily; and to "Castles in the Air," the ice Palace atop of the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. In the latter there are world champion skaters. The New York Theatre roof is transformed. There is a very large skating floor, surrounded by Oriental scenery, electric fountains, gardens, an orchestra, and plenty of good things to eat and drink. You glide amid



Drawn by Rodney Thomson

tropical splendors, or regard a starlit sky if you should happen to suddenly sit down, which sometimes happens in the best regulated families. At the Biltmore I attended an afternoon session. There, too, Alfred and Sigrid Naess do their stunts. I inquired of a competent instructor if at my age I had a chance. He carefully studied my physique and answered that I had — just a fighting chance. Then I was led like a lamb to the slaughter. Last September I had flown over Atlantic City in a Glenn Curtiss hydro-aeroplane, piloted by Beryl Kendrick; but flying is quite another thing from skating. In the former case you simply remain passive and let the pilot do the worrying; in the latter, if you are not personally active you are lost. The trouble with my first essay on skates — since my youth — was my ambition, not precisely vaulting, but overleaping. Every time I leapt I would have sprawled if the professor hadn't held my arm in a vise-like grip. Really, it's not so terrible, this skating. I went on swift feet till I fetched up against a stout old party in the middle of the floor. He glared. I glared. The professor glared at us. We all conjugated the verb "to glare," sitting on our haunches, for we came down, the three of us, in a crash, because that other fellow tried to usurp our right of way. I've noticed in such cases the other fellow is always in the wrong. He evidently thought the same, but as he had no coat of arms on his collar I knew he didn't belong to our select set; indeed, he seemed an ordinary millionaire or politician. So I paid no more attention to him. Then I insisted upon skating a solo despite the protestations of the professor. Everyone on the roof watched me. I must have

(Continued on page 24)

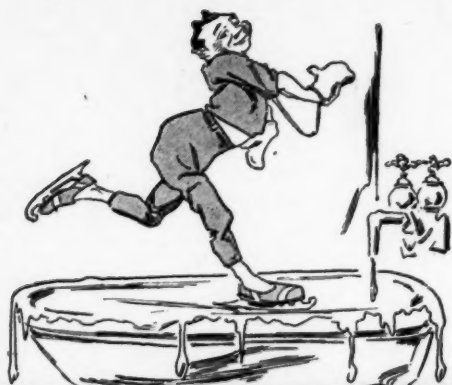


JUST THE THING FOR THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS

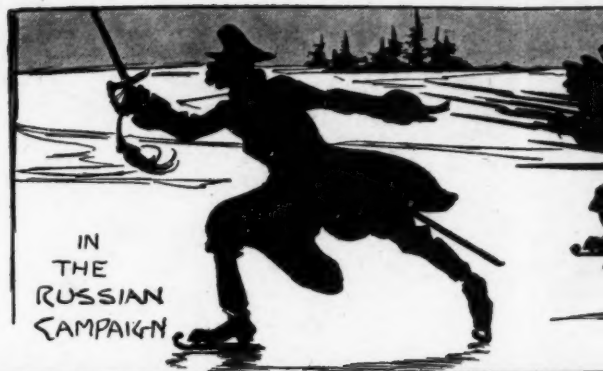
Don't send for a plumber if your water-pipes leak this winter. Let them leak, and after the house is comfortably flooded, shut off the heat and open all the windows. This will give you in a few hours the cosiest of skating-rinks in the privacy of your home. Test the ice, and telephone your friends

Drawn by John Held

THE
MORNING-
TUB



IN
THE
RUSSIAN
CAMPAIGN



THE SHOPPER



THE
BEGINNER -



SUCH IS LIFE

THE SKATING

Ruck



THE
SKATE-PEDDLER
WILL BE A
COMMON FIGURE-



SHOPPERS' PARADISE

Hy-
Mayer



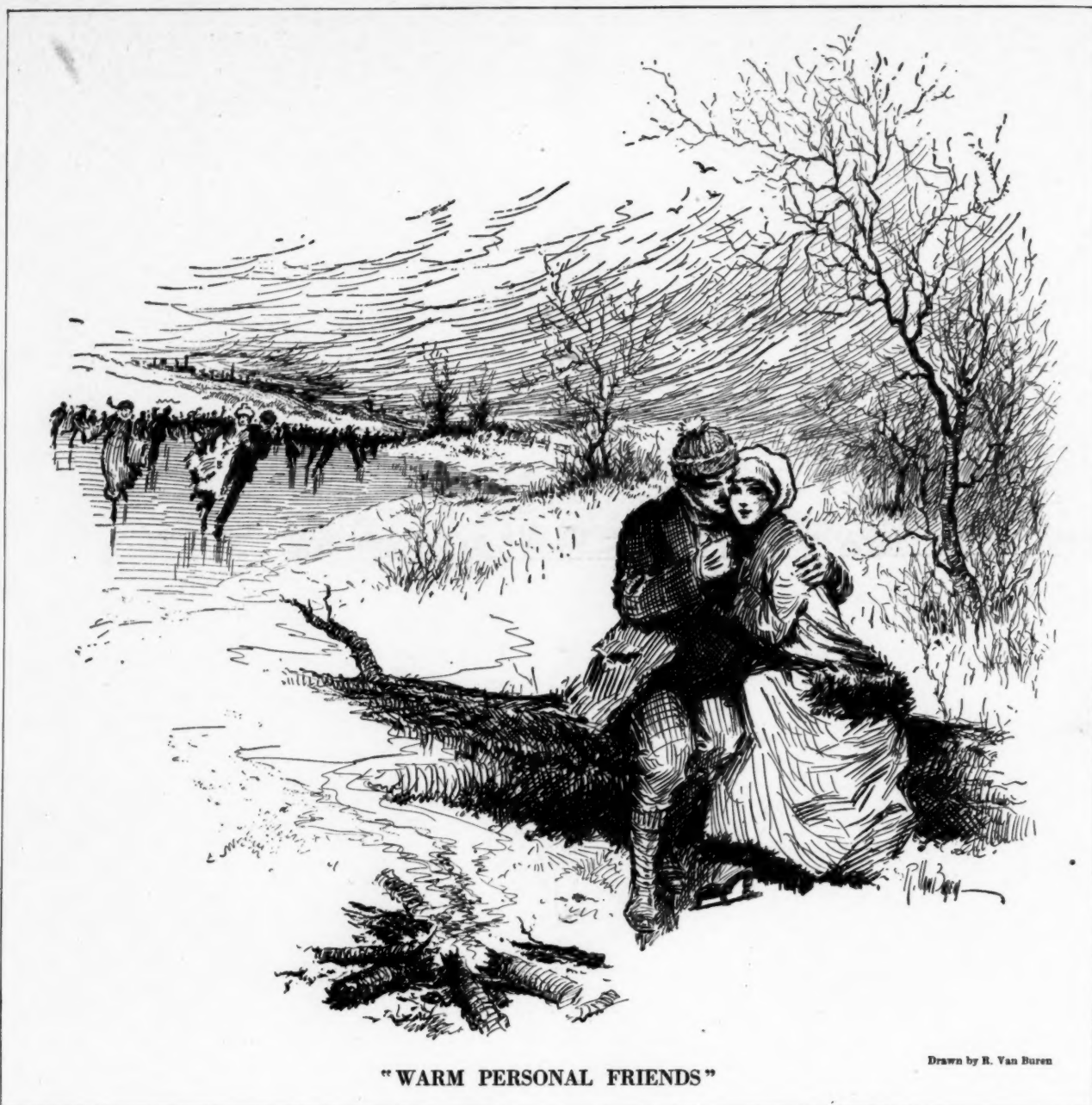
THIS LIFE IN THE COUNTRY-



"COMING, SAH!"

SKATING MANIA

By HY MAYER



"WARM PERSONAL FRIENDS"

Drawn by R. Van Buren

Learning to Skate in New York

Pay somebody two dollars.

Adjust skates and buy a fifteen-cent drink for fifty cents. In some places where the skating is good, fifteen-cent drinks cost only a dollar.

Having reached the ice, strike out boldly, first making certain that your skates are properly fastened. This may best be done by paying somebody two dollars. Or, if it be afternoon, when the high cost of skating is temporarily lower, one dollar.

If your ankles are weak, use straps. If your heart is weak, hand somebody—*anybody*—your purse and get it over with at once. The worst thing about skating in New York is the suspense.

Pay two dollars. This is the hardest lesson a beginner has to learn, but once

it is mastered, the rest of skating is a mere trick. Confidence is the main requisite; competent instructors are always within call.

When skating alone, skate with your hands in your trousers pockets, first making sure that there is money in both of them, and that you have a firm grip on it. When you feel yourself falling, quickly pull out your hands to save yourself, and with them, your money. Somebody will surely be there to take it. Learning to skate, in this respect, is much like learning to dance. Nothing is ever lost.

In some New York Skateries, tea-drinking is an essential by-product of the light fantastic blade. If you don't like tea, however, you are privileged to buy a fifteen-cent drink for fifty cents. "Grinding the bar" was once a com-

mon stunt in ice-skating. Now the bar grinds *you*—in New York. And you don't have to be a skater, either.

When through skating, take the skates off your feet and two dollars off your roll. Your father will tell you about an old-time skating figure which was known as the Dutch Roll. You can tell father that nowadays this skating figure has been considerably improved. It is your roll that is in Dutch.

In closing, there is one all-important rule which must be remembered, no matter what else you forget: When about to trip, tip.

New York is no place for a cheap skate.

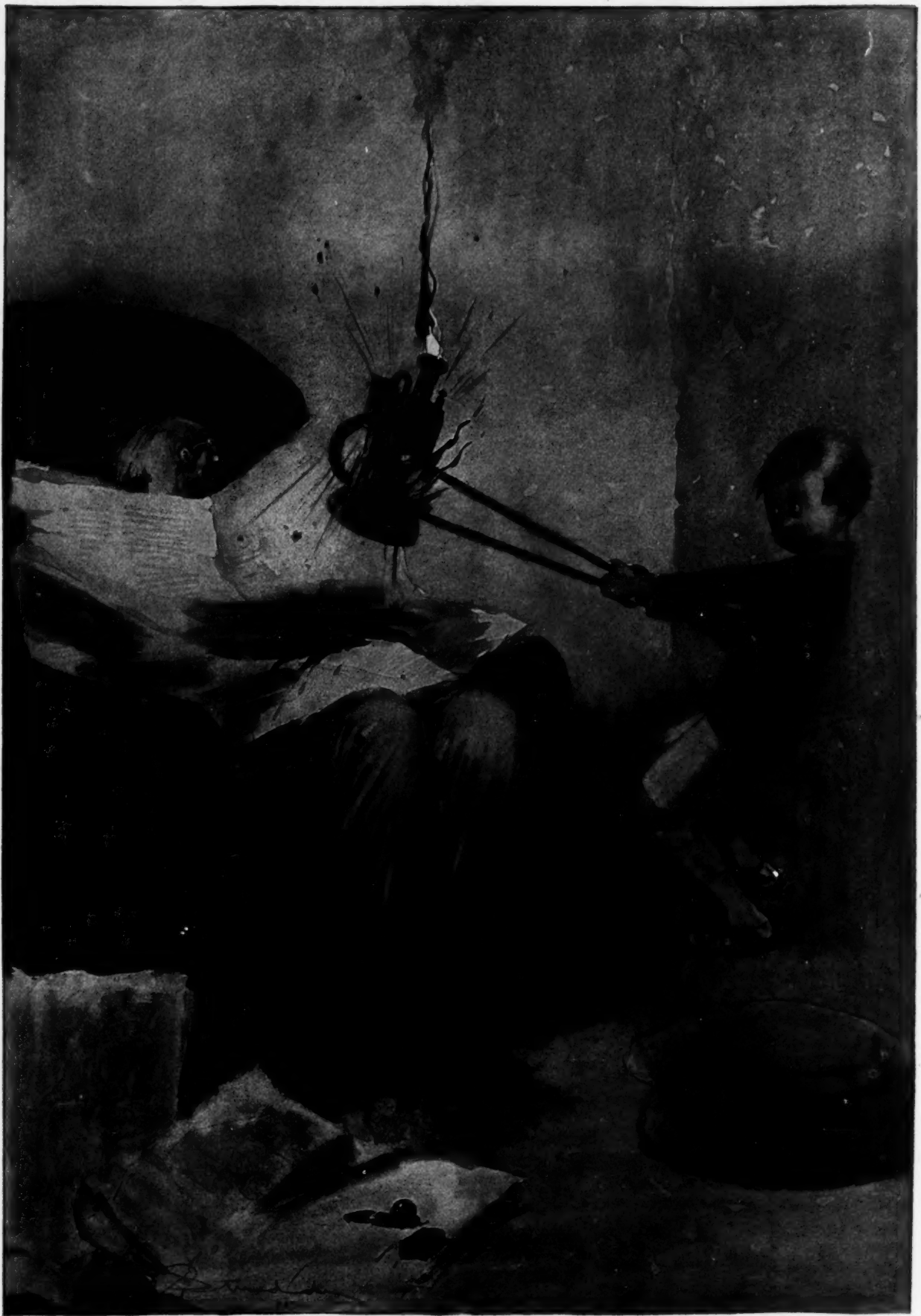
The trouble with a place in the sun is that sooner or later one is blinded.



THE TURTLE BABY

Nothing at the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design has attracted more attention than this touch of nature in bronze. The artist is Edith B. Parsons.

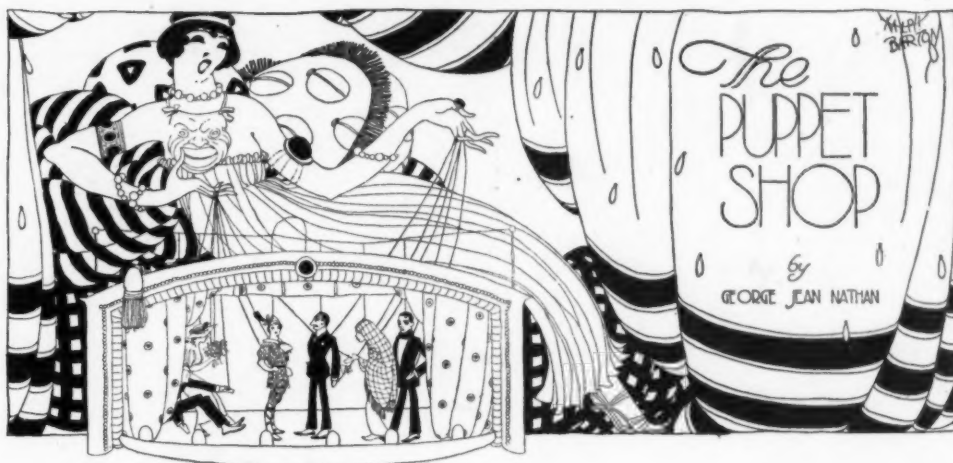
Ruck



Painted by G. E. Studdy of London

UNCLE FROM WILLIE

"Blow, Uncle! Blow quick! It's going to burst!"



Major Barbarians

A Study of New York First-Night Minds at a Shaw Play

I

A Shaw Speech

"Only fools fear crime; we all fear poverty. You talk of your half-saved ruffian in West Ham; you accuse me of dragging his soul back to perdition. Well, bring him to me here and I will drag his soul back again to salvation for you. Not by words and dreams, but by thirty-eight shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job. In three weeks he will have a fancy waistcoat, in three months a tall hat and a chapel sitting; before the end of the year he will shake hands with a duchess at a Primrose League meeting and join the conservative party."

II

The Impressions Made by the Speech Upon the Minds of the First-Night Audience

The Actor's Mind

A speech that long ought to have at least one "hell" and a "damn" in it to give it a punch.

The Regular First-Nighter's Mind

I get it all but that Primrose League stuff. But perhaps bringin' in a reference to the famous minstrel is just one of them Shaw paradoxes I've heard of.

The Broadway Playwright's Mind

Well, if this goes, I — give — up.

The Dramatic Critic's Mind

Interesting, very interesting. But the fellow lacks technique. In the first place, though the speech holds one from beginning to end, it's too long.

The Usher's Mind

Bunk!

The Syllogism of Drama

1. Someone loves someone.
2. Someone interposes.
3. Someone is outwitted, someone marries someone, and someone gets two dollars.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM — a Krupp cannon aimed at Luna Park.

It is more blessed to give than to receive; e. g., theatre tickets.

CAFÉ — a refuge in the vicinity of a Broadway theatre where a portion of the audience may, between the acts of a drama at least, convincingly hold the glass up to nature.

ORCHESTRA DIRECTOR — (1) one who directs the attention of an audience away from the singer to himself; (2) a benefactor.

Obituary

Musical comedies with waltz themes. Musical comedies containing a "Grand Duke Boris." Rhodesia. Granville Barker.

Such critics as contend that literature is one thing, and drama another, are apparently of the notion that literature is something that consists mainly of long words and allusions to Chateaubriand, and drama something that consists mainly of monosyllables and allusions to William J. Burns.

The test supreme of all acting is the coincidental presence on the stage of a less competent actress who is twice as good-looking.

The difference between a real café and a café on the stage is that in the stage café they serve papier-maché foods which are inedible, and in the real café foods not of papier-maché which are inedible.

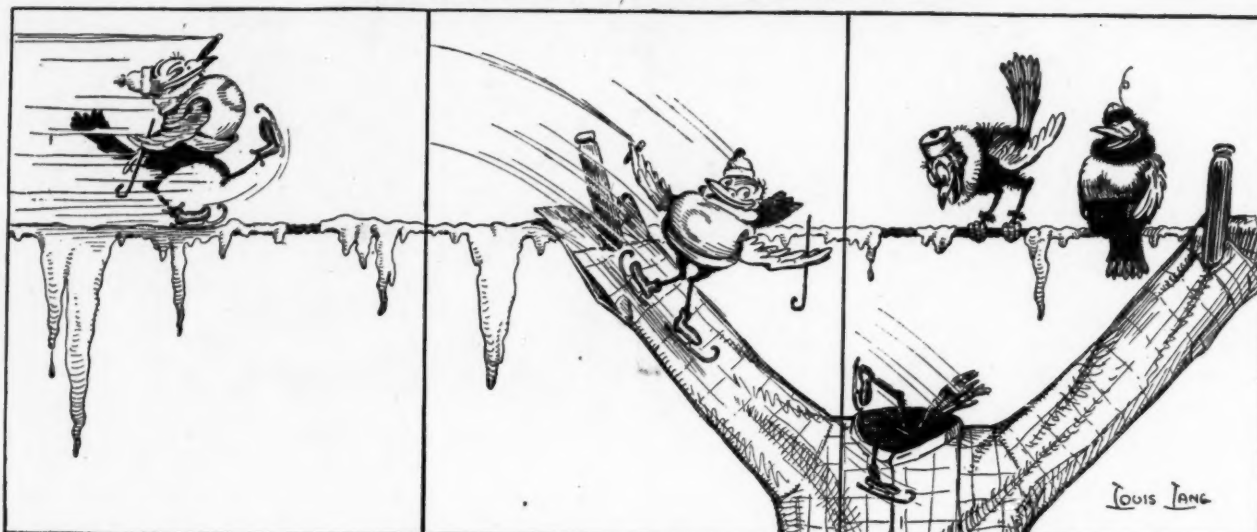
Standing of the Leaders in the Popularity* Contest for Musical Comedy Jokes

- 110,000,000 — The joke about listening to someone eat soup.
- 107,000,000 — The joke consisting of an allusion to two of the negro characters as "the Gold-Dust Twins."
- 101,234,000 — The *mot des B. V. D's*.
- 99,447,281 — Pronouncing *au revoir* "olive oil."
- 99,447,230 — Pronouncing *au revoir* "over the river."
- 97,320,112 — Any reference to a prune.
- 97,320,111⁷/₈ — Any reference to poison ivy.
- 92,107,346 — Alluding to the inhabitants of Paris as parasites.
- 87,223,310 — The one about the doctor having to have patients (patience).
- 82,976,305 — The kissing good-by to a ten-dollar bill about to be loaned a friend.
- 82,976,304 — The kissing good-by to a five-dollar bill about to be loaned to a friend.
- 76,324,487 — The use by one character of a long word, such, for example, as "perspicacity"; the subsequent unsuccessful effort on the part of the comedian to negotiate its pronunciation, thus: "perspip — perpsi — picserp," etc.; with the comedian's final despairing ejaculation, "Aw, what you said!"
- 65,821,936 — "Winnebago? That ain't a town; that's a disease."
- 61,821,125 — "I've a suit for each day in the week. This is the suit."

* The Limburger-cheese joke is barred from this patriotic American contest because of its hyphen and suspiciously pro-German air.

The libretti of American musical comedies are much thinner than the libretti of German musical comedies, but so too, *Dei gratia*, are the girls' legs!

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE—VII.



"When the girls see this fancy step—

"And this one, there'll be—

"Nothing to it but me"

New York Manners

BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Wade knew her step, and as he heard it on the lower stairs he laid down his novel and sighed.

Would he ever have better than a nodding acquaintance with that girl from the fourth floor front? It seemed doubtful. He had lived in this old brownstone rooming house for six months without making so much progress as an exchange of remarks about the weather with the young lady.

The steps approached his half-open door and passed on.

"New York manners!" Wade grimly muttered. "Her eyes tell me she's lonesome—and I'm lonesome enough to die. She'll sit there in her little hall bedroom all evening trying to read a magazine, and I'll sit here glowering at a novel. We're both half starved for a little human conversation, but our New York manners smother every natural impulse but pride.

He opened his book again and tried to read. But no use.

Half a minute later he heard steps again upon the stairs. Fourth Floor Front was descending.

A timid knock at his door brought him suddenly to his feet.

"I'm dreadfully sorry to intrude," Fourth Floor Front was saying. "I don't know what you'll think of me!"

Wade stammered something meant for polite reassurances.

"I—I hardly know how to begin," she pleaded, her cheeks flushed with excitement and embarrassment. "You'll think I'm the most brazen creature you ever met. Oh, dear! If I only knew how to begin—"

"Well, my name's Wade," he suggested.

"I'm Miss Brooks."

She curtsied and bobbed up smiling.

"I came to ask you—oh, such a favor!" she exclaimed, drawing back.

"It seemed to me, somehow, that you wouldn't misunderstand. I've hoped and prayed that you wouldn't."

"Please tell me," he urged.

She flushed again as she replied, but, once started, she went on without faltering.

"I wanted to go to a party. A girl uptown. I used to go to school with her out West. She sent me an invitation and I said I'd come—I don't know why—just hoping against hope, I guess. For I've no one to take me!"



"I'm dreadfully sorry to intrude"

"Maybe I'd do," Wade gleefully volunteered.

"But it's to-night," she faltered. "I kept trying to get up enough cour-

age to speak to you, but I just couldn't till this eleventh hour."

"I'll be ready in twenty minutes," he replied. And he was. So was she.

As parties go, it was a pretty fair entertainment, though the young women all appeared to be rather nervous and excited, and giggled and whispered among themselves more than is customary in well-bred society. Once there was a hubbub in the hallway, and a rumor circulated about the ballroom that some reporters had tried to enter and had been ejected by the doormen.

Otherwise, the Feminists' Ball was almost as uneventful as a ball of High-brow Anarchists or the monthly dance of the Richmond Hill Social Club. In fact, Wade didn't know that it was a Feminists' ball until he read about it in the papers next morning. Then he learned that all the other young men present had been invited by the same sort of methods as were used on him.

Miss Brooks, talking the affair over with some of her friends, remarked:

"I used the lonesomeness story on mine. I find it's the one best bet for the shy boys. Thank the Lord I live in New York, where manners are free! In Kansas City or Terre Haute a lark like this would be called a scandal."

PAPA: Don't you think mama will be angry if you break those toys you got for Christmas?

JOHNNY: Well—er—if she is, you just say that maybe it kept me out of worse mischief, will you, papa?

The German farmer who raises the most hogs is to be rewarded by the Kaiser. With a pig iron cross, of course.

Uncle Tom is Dead

The "original" Uncle Tom is dead: long live the Tom-show!

His name was Daniel Worcester; Heaven only knows how many times Simon Legree had wound the snake-whip round his sturdy form; he had dandled Little Eva on his knee in every human habitation with an Op'ry House and a yearning for the drammer; and he died full of years.

They will still gather outside the town-halls, those hardy Tommers who "double on brass," and tear the atmosphere with their instruments before the show begins. They will parade up Main street at high noon. Between the acts Topsy and Marks the Lawyer will introduce the maxixe to East Chilli-cothe, and the villainous Legree will (removing his mustache) come before the curtain and sing "I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier." They will put up at the Commercial House, or the Mansion House, bunking three in a room and borrowing small change from the impressionable clerk, and cursing

the town for its lack of appreciation of art, and then move on: and old Daniel Worcester won't be there. He has gone to do engagements in the Big Time.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

WOULDN'T IT GET YOUR GOAT

If your caddy happened to be the office-boy you fired a week before for incompetence?

But the Tom-show goes on. There is the legitimate stage, and there is the "movies" — and then there is Uncle Tom. And of these, who will be so rash as to say that the first two will persist forever, or that the last will not? For the Tom-show is not a play, not a show, but a fragrant memory; one of those memories that we're always wanting to bring back, spending money to bring back — and finding it can't be done. Man, what will you take for your recollection of that comic of the comics, that side-splitter of an unsophisticated era, those lines that still get across the foot-lights as do no lines of Bernard Shaw — "Deed, I wasn't bo'n, ma'am; I jis' grewed."

It Might Be Worse, Colonel

Despite the presence of war in the world, it is a question these days if the Colonel is entirely happy.

In the first place, although there is war, neither the Colonel nor his country is in it.

On several occasions, the prospects for war were very bright indeed and the Colonel perked up considerably. Then, through the vicious meddling of a notorious weakling — a weakling whose name the Colonel will disclose upon application — war and the United States were kept apart.

Still, Fate has been very good to the Colonel, despite his disappointments. Upon this he should reflect. Supposing he had delayed his trip to the wilds of South America, he might now be somewhere about the headwaters of the Amazon, without even a suspicion that there *was* a war. And what would General Sherman have said of that?



Drawn by Ethel Plummer

HELP WANTED, THREE IN FAMILY



A WIFELY SUGGESTION

"John, why don't you put the ball where you're going to hit it?"

Speed and Germs

The *World* is getting fearsomely excited about the automobile accidents on the city streets. There are too many accidents and there are twice too many fool drivers of horseless vehicles. We wish the *World* luck in its crusade, but wish it also the keenness of vision to see that the direct injury to life and limb due to reckless motorists is not much greater than the indirect injury to life and happiness inflicted by the constant swirl of dust and filth caused by whirling wheels. When we have less speeding, we'll have not only less accidents but less of the dust-borne diseases.

The Austrian government refers glibly to the "sacred laws of humanity," just as though they hadn't been repealed long ago.

Two States in Line for Fairbanks.
—Headline.

Don't crowd.



ALL CONVENIENCES

LITTLE CHILD (chewing violently): Mother, I certainly do like this train; they have such dee-lish-us gum stuck under the seats



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Consider what this involves. The telephone company must forecast the needs of the public. It must calculate increases in population in city and country. It must figure

the growth of business districts. It must estimate the number of possible telephone users and their approximate location everywhere.

The plant must be so designed that it may be added to in order to meet the estimated requirements of five, ten and even twenty years. And these additions must be ready in advance of the demand for them—as far in advance as it is economical to make them.

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PUCK, 210 Fifth Ave., New York



—London Punch.

IMPERIAL SCULPTOR: I want you to sit for my colossal figure of "Victory"

GERMANIA: Yes, Sire. But might I have a little something to eat first?

(Punch cartoons the rumor of the Kaiser's difficulties in the matter of food supplies.)



—The Sketch, London.

MOTHER: Don't you know it's rude to come in without knocking, Bobby?

BOBBY: It's all right, Mummy. I've known you quite a long time

By the way, it's coming along toward the first anniversary of the day that Great Britain gave Constantinople to Russia.

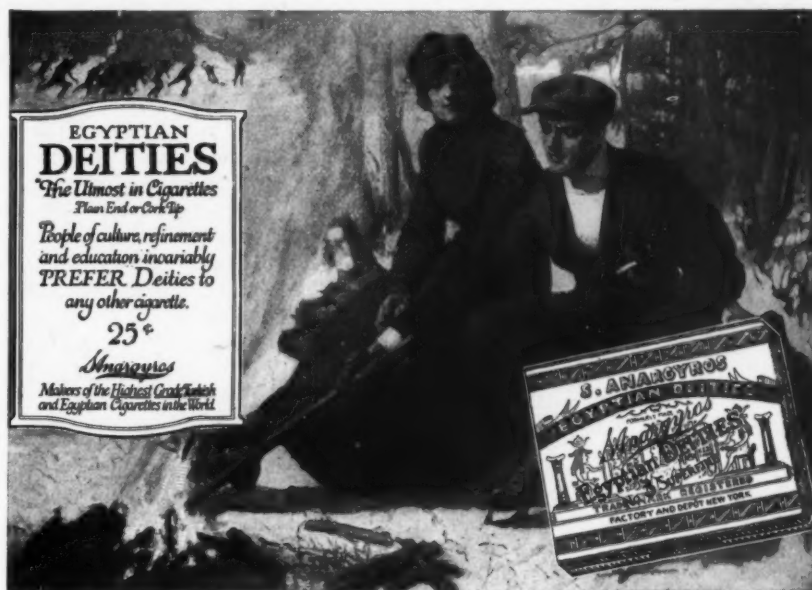


—Simplicissimus, Munich.

REOPENING OF THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT

PREMIER SALANDRA: As a proof of our war successes, the government has had the land, conquered by our armies, brought here and I now present it to the members of the house

(A Teuton jibe at the Italian forces, which have as yet accomplished practically nothing in the way of capturing or invading hostile territory.)



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MAXINE ELLIOTT'S—Lou-Tellegen

SHUBERT—Alone at Last

COMEDY—Hobson's Choice

44th STREET—Katinka

The Seven Arts

faded into nothingness, for when I came too my old friend Constant, the blond headwaiter, asked me if I felt better. I asked him in return whether they had found a shinbone or two or a segment of a spine far out on the ice; if so, they might return it to the lawful owner. The headwaiter never stirred a muscle, but gently led me to the lift (at the Biltmore it's a lift). His parting words exposed his philosophical temperament: "When you were here last summer, you tried to skate on the dancing floor; now you try to dance on the skating floor. You are too versatile. Go home and, rest a few days. Au revoir, Cher Monsieur!" Constant had the making of a diplomat in him.


Wings on Ice

Undismayed I limped down Madison Avenue and turned east, determined to see the Poultry and Pigeon show at the Garden. I'm fond of chickens—not necessarily potted or roasted, or even "broilers" in the Tenderloin—but plain, everyday domestic fowl that stare at you sidewise and hop about to scratch a living. It was the twenty-seventh annual exhibition—at the new year—and the catalogue told me that there were at least 4,000 feathered creatures in the vast building. My ears also confirmed the data. The din was terrific. The air was rent by the raucous crowing of estimable, but egotistical roosters. I saw one hen picking at the comb of her lord, which he gravely inclined to her. It was a picture to make a hardened suffragette weep. Such wifely devotion! Such a womanly hen! I hobbled to the centre of the room, attracted by a huge throng. There, to my amazement, I witnessed something new under the sun. The enterprising management had frozen a section of the floor, and upon the mirror-like surface skated at least 500 chickens, turkeys and ducks. You know that the claws of chickens are retractile and they can easily clutch tiny skates. These fowls were adept. They wore, doubtless as protection from the cold, and the prying gaze of so many feathered vulgarities, what the French so charmingly describe as "caleçon de pique-nique." Effective and cunning little garments made "somewhere in pants." After viewing my fellow humans on skates, the unaffected and skilful movements of the poultry were positively edifying. However, I am not sure that these same chickens are free from the taint of snobbery. They, too, may have been imitating the antics of the smart set. We are most of us snobs on ice nowadays.

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with Fred Niblo as "Billy Holliday"

NEW AMSTERDAM W. 42nd St.
Phone 8098 Bryant: Evgs 8:15 Matinees Wednesday and Sat. 2:15

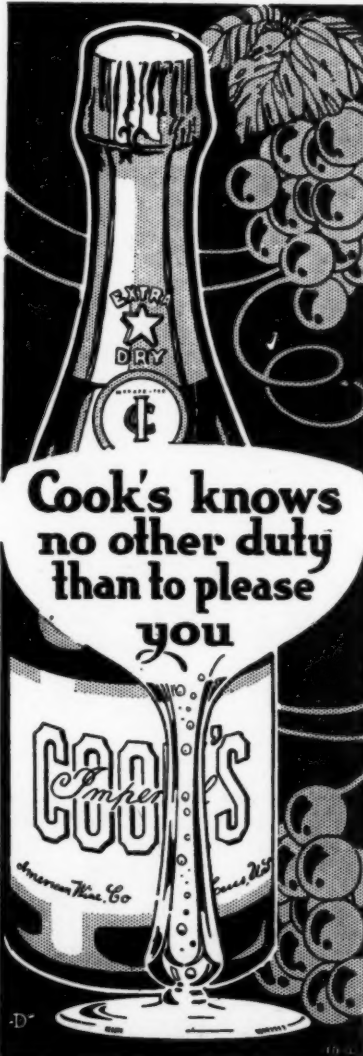
KLAW & ERLANGER PRESENT

AROUND THE MAP

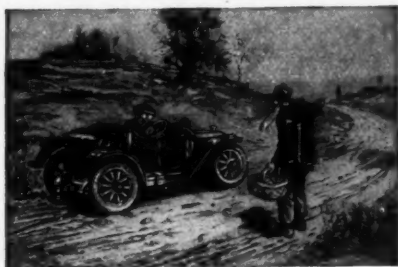
Book by C. M. S. McLellan. Music Herman Finck
Seats Selling 8 Weeks in Advance

After the Play Visit **Atop New Amsterdam Theatre**

ZIEGFELD MIDNIGHT FROLIC



Cook's knows no other duty than to please you



A MERE GUESS

MOTORIST: Do you know of anyone around here who has a horse for sale?

RESIDENT: You might try over at Cornaassel's place—I sold him one yestidday

Rhymed Fashions

BY JEANNE JUDSON

Mouth and nose go in hiding,
Chin-chin collars dividing

The honors with scarfs knit of wool;
There's the Puritan saileur,
For maidens quite tailleur,
And skirts are increasingly full.

There's the round, mellow muff,
And the spiral, fur cuff,
That reaches the shoulder or near;
The all-feather chapeau,
With a dimple should go,
And the gold lingerie is "just dear."

For milady's new veil,
Which stands out like a sail,
Fur edging is always au fait;
To be modish this season,
Without rhyme, without reason,
Wear fur—wear it any old way.

Conflicting Emotions

MRS. GRAMERCY: You really must sign the peace petition we're getting up.

MRS. PARK: I think it's just lovely, my dear, and I'll sign it as soon as my husband gets rid of his war stocks.

Our idea of exciting fiction is the real estate advertising section of a Sunday newspaper, where 400-acre farms with hot and cold brooks and incandescent moons are listed at about \$14.75 apiece.

The drama of the East Side: Muses in the Bullrushes.

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The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 1 East 31st St., N. Y. That's All!

In the Well Appointed Office—

you will not find the old style advertising calendar, but in its place one of the handsome new PUCK CALENDARS for 1916

Your dealer knows

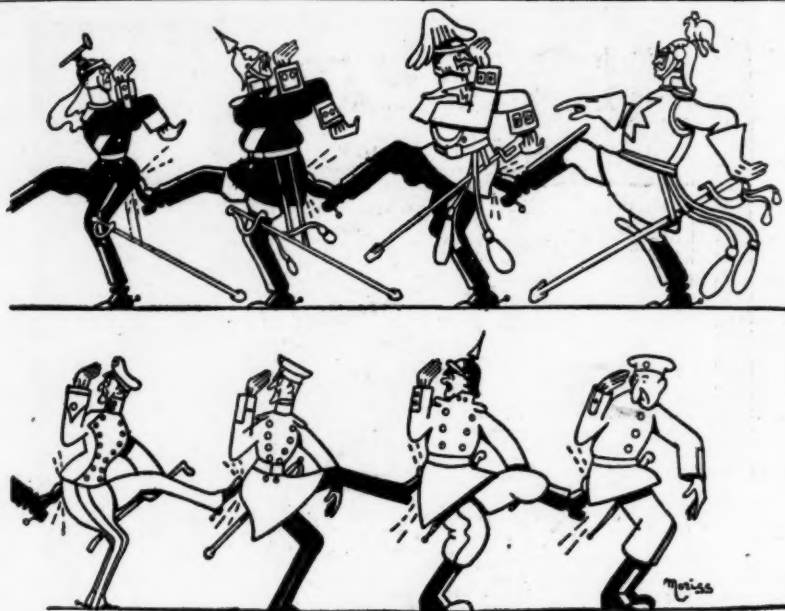
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Pajamas & Night Shirts

give maximum comfort & value



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—Le Ruy Blas.

A FRENCH IMPRESSION OF DISCIPLINE IN THE GERMAN ARMY

Ticker Topics

A statement by the Great Expert on "The Foreign Exchange Situation" was just coming over the page news ticker. "In conclusion," it read, "Mr. — stated that CVX DNK! ! B3 Z Z."

"The only part of the whole blamed thing I could make any sense out of," Cynicus remarked languidly as he left the ticker and sauntered over to in front of the quotation board.

"What's been the most active stock out there on the Curb during the past week?" the Office Member asked.

"Hole-in-the-Ground Mining," the Outside Man answered.

"Never heard of it. We ever get out a circular on it?"

"No. It's one of those things you can't find out anything about — no statements issued or anything."

"What's that got to do with it?" the Office Member sarcastically replied. "We're after business, and good strong letters that stir 'em up are the way to get business. You can't get out a letter



—The Sketch, London.

THE MAJOR: That was a fine action of yours. You'll get the D.C.M. at least. But why were you so reckless in face of so many of the enemy?
EX-MOVIE HERO: I forgot I wasn't doing it for the pictures, Sir

on Hole-in-the-Ground? Come here Miss Smith and take this dictation: 'The prospects for Hole-in-the-Ground are exceptionally bright, and the stock, if bought at once, ought to show handsome profits. On the 40-foot level, etc.'

No wonder that, a month later, "Customer 921" — alias William Smith, who runs a little grocery, is still wondering when that stock he bought is going to make him rich.

Don't worry, ye users of motor gasoline at 27 cents a gallon.

The Federal Trade Commission has begun its Investigation.

Almost surely there will be a Complete Disavowal of intent to raise prices.

Right under the sign, 'Nix on the War Talk — This Place is Neutral,' they were at it hammer and tongs.

"Starve 'em out?" shouted the man who had just completed the deglutition of a plate of *linsensuppe*. "Starve 'em out? They can't starve 'em out. They cut off the supply of cotton and what happens? Synthetic cotton. No more rubber; all right — synthetic rubber. Synthetic anything."

"Sure," remarked the man across the table. "Synthetic anything — right down to synthetic money to pay for what they are buying."

From the daily stock market "story" of which evening newspaper is this taken?

"Fundamental conditions at present tally closely with those of 1829 and lead inevitably to one of the following conclusions: Stock prices will either rise, remain at the present level, or, possibly, decline."

When writing to advertisers, please mention Puck

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WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RAHDOLPH & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 166, Washington, D. C.



Makes Wonderful Highballs

BECAUSE it blends just right with charged and other waters.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years" doubly enhances the pleasure of a high ball. Aged in the wood and bottled in bond, lends a charming, piquant taste that lingers. Just try an "Old Overholt Highball."

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This popular PUCK cover, reproduced in full color, without advertising or any printing other than the title, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. The print is on heavy plate paper, all ready for framing.

Puck

210 Fifth Avenue, New York



Are you marooned? Are you out of the swim?

IF so, Vanity Fair will launch you on the crest of the waves—into the mad currents of metropolitan life. It will buoy you up and sustain you in the whirling world of New York. It will serve as your little social life-boat. It will chaperon you, without trouble (or expense of taxicabs) in New York's most frigid, marble-and-gold society; show you the widely discussed paintings and sculptures; take you behind the scenes at the theatres; tell you what to ramble on about at dinners and dances; show you where to go shopping.

You will become a regular person

It will whisper addresses where you can fox-trot (even if you are happily married); present you to the more portentous metropolitan celebrities; give you plenty of golf and other sports; buy you a good dog or a motor car; accelerate the pulse of your brain, tone up your heart action; in short, transfer you from a social back-number into a regular Class A human being.

VANITY FAIR is one of the newest successes in the magazine field. It is published monthly at 25 cents a copy or \$3 a year. It is a mirror of life, original and picturesque; informal, personal, intimate, frivolous, unconventional, but with a point of view at once wholesome, stimulating and refreshing.

Take the cream of your favorite magazines of the theatre, sports, books and art. Add the sprightly qualities of such publications as *The Sketch*, *The Tatler* and *La Vie Parisienne* with something of Broadway and Fifth Avenue—all within beautiful color covers—and you have a general idea of Vanity Fair.

Come in: the water's fine!

YOU think nothing, in your poor deluded way, of paying \$2 for a theatre ticket, or for a new book, but you can secure, for \$2, nearly a year of Vanity Fair and with it more entertainment than you can derive from dozens of sex plays or a shelf full of problem novels. Why not get in on our special rest-of-the-year offer?



Stop where you are!
Tear off that coupon!

VANITY FAIR, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Please enter my subscription to **VANITY FAIR** for the rest of 1916, beginning with the current issue, at the special rate of \$2 offered to readers of this magazine. Mail me the current issue at once. I will send you my favorite two dollar bill, two weeks afterwards, on receipt of your bill for that amount.
Name Address City State
Puck 1-22-16



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More and more men of big affairs are smoking Fatimas. Fatimas are a SENSIBLE cigarette—sensible because they are comfortable to the throat and tongue and because they leave no unpleasant feeling after a long smoking day. Try them yourself.

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